

s Newspaper, April 17, 1943

THEY SAVED MANKIND

DULL things Caxton's wooden alphabets must have looked as they lay still in their little boxes so long ago, but put them together in the machine and see the Canterbury Tales come out! Dull is he who cannot feel the excitement Caxton felt when kings and nobles pressed to see the proof from his printing press at Westminster. A box of 26 wooden letters was changing the world.

Immeasurable is the influence of these letters, such a jumble as a child plays with them on the floor, so meaningless as we see them in the printed alphabet, and yet packed with all the emotions that have ever stirred humanity. Somebody wrote long ago that a little word could change a man's history. If he receives a telegram saying "My son died this morning" he is distressed for his friend, but if the telegram says "Your son died this morning" his life is broken.

RAF

There have come into our life in these 25 years three letters which might well be printed on the sky, their rightful place. Three dull letters when the last war ended; they glow with life and hope today and lift up the hearts of all mankind. The R A F has reached its silver jubilee and in all the world there is no prouder force.

Little we knew the fate that was awaiting us when, ending the last war with the biggest Air Force in the world, we created the R A F and let it dwindle into next-to-nothing. Today, as by a miracle, it has become the master power on earth, an international force of King Arthur's Knights ready to fight the dragon anywhere and seek the holy grail of freedom to the farthest points of the compass. Wherever tyranny lurks it will rout it out, in its good time.

For twenty centuries and more war has been the curse of men, a truth too often forgotten by those who are surprised that we could not end it in twenty years. But what a mighty change has come over war since David slung his pebble at Goliath and brought him down before his astonished Philistines! How greatly war has changed since Horatius held the bridge in Rome, since Cromwell scattered the King's troops while Rupert was after the baggage at Naseby, since Wellington stood looking at Napoleon across the field.

Conquerors No More

It is a new kind of war that has come upon the world, for good or ill—for good, perhaps, because the end of it may be its disappearance; for ill if we should fail again as we failed before. Yet certainly it has been a good and stirring thing to see the way in which this decadent and aged land of ours has suddenly, in a few short months or years, created a force in the world unprecedented in kind and unparalleled in skill and courage.

WHEN our century began there was no power existing that could fly and no possibility of the R A F; today it is the ambition of all our boys to belong to it. It is the quickest way to the realisation of the dreams of youth, the road of adventure in which youth is attended on its way by the flower of men, the bravest of the brave. The magic carpet of the fairy tales has become the actual wonder of our age, and in all the books that ever were written is nothing to surpass the miracle of the R A F.

THE Nazis came down like a wolf on the fold, sweeping over the continent of Europe, destroying country after country in their stride, drenching the earth in blood, setting cities on fire, blotting out ancient places, slaughtering women and children. They reached the edge of Europe, and now, five minutes away, was the Accursed Island. It was in the conqueror's grasp. It could wait a day or two while France and Belgium reeled and their cities burned.

Pictures in the Sky

But how were the mighty fallen, the conquerors turned to dust and ashes! On they came, hundreds of the conquering and destroying hosts, but to conquer and destroy no more. They saw their fighting planes spin down to earth and crash into the sea. They saw them fall at the rate of two a minute, hundreds of them, thousands. They littered our lovely countryside, and our ditches were fouled by ugly swastikas.

For 85 days the Battle of Britain went on, all through the glorious summer August and September until the beeches were brown at the end of October. We stood in our gardens and looked up at the pretty white streaks in the sky, like wisps of cloud at times, at times like the figure eight or the map of England; and at times it seemed that the sky was blossoming with white flowers until we realised that they were silken parachutes. High up a long white line was moving, with a black dot at the head, growing into pretty patterns or breaking up speck by speck so that each speck looked, as Jane Taylor imagined long ago, like a diamond in the sky.

How many of us guessed, as we watched it all, that we were watching the Battle of the World? It was the war going on over our heads and we did not know. Those white lines were the trails of Hurricanes, Defiants, and Spitfires chasing the enemy that would destroy us. In a cube of space eighty miles long and half as wide and five miles deep cannons were blazing, machine-guns rattling, and a hundred individual fights were being fought. War was going on at several levels in the sky, four miles up, five miles up, six miles up, battle above battle.

The End of the Beginning

As millions of years ago various layers of rock were laid down in the earth, so in our time we have seen various layers of life and death suspended in space. Never was anything so incredible imagined by the brain of man until time made it true. A squadron would go up from its aerodrome and in a minute or two would be fighting fifty miles apart, and its pilots would hear the enemy calling to each other, Beware Spitfire.

Not half the story will ever be told. In this strange war above our heads there was a sergeant-pilot in an unarmed craft who, rammed a Nazi plane and crashed to earth interlocked with it. There was a pilot who shot an enemy plane into a cloud 6000 feet below, dived through the cloud to see if he had done his work, and then climbed back to fight again. There was a pilot who disposed of one enemy, turned round and disposed of another, and then, on his way down to his base, received a message from below that a group of Dorniers was 4000 feet above him, and turned back, climbed up, and carried on the fight.

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CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

EVERY TUESDAY 3d

POSTAGE
Inland 1d
Abroad 1d

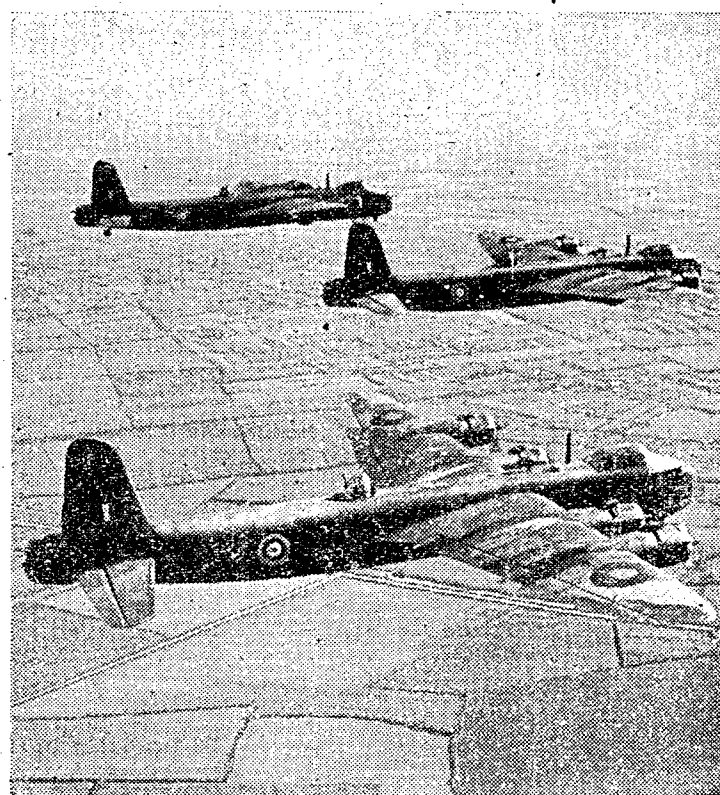
No 1256

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

THE RAF SETS OUT



The Pilot Scans the Skies



A Flight of Stirlings setting out on an adventure of a thousand miles

TWO BROTHERS OF TOC H

The Gilbert Talbot Spirit Lives On

NOTTINGHAM has lost the popular vicar of its best-known parish church, Southwell Minster has lost its Assistant Bishop, England has lost a splendid citizen, and Toc H has lost one of its founders. Such is the weight of sorrow with which the news was heard that Neville Stuart Talbot had passed away suddenly in Sussex.

He was a bishop's son and himself a bishop, being the Bishop of Pretoria before he returned from South Africa in 1933. He was a great man physically as well as morally and spiritually, being 6 feet 7, and was a familiar figure with the Forces, for he was a chaplain in the last war, winning the MC and being three times mentioned in dispatches, and in this war he was one of five clergymen called on by the Archbishops to give up their work for a year to strengthen the religious life of the R.A.F.

But it is Toc H that will miss him most of all, for he was known as the Toc H bishop.

It was his brother Gilbert in whose name Toc H was founded. Gilbert had been killed at Hooge, and his brother Neville, with some others, crept out into No Man's Land and recovered his body.

Meeting the Challenge

Gilbert was little more than a boy when all the beautiful and gracious things of our civilisation were suddenly challenged by war. His heart went out to the young men of these islands called upon to leave their homes and make their bodies a shield between the abomination of war and the loveliness of our English countryside.

Out he went too, carrying the message of his faith, to share the life of the soldiers of the British Empire; and in Flanders he found a way of living the life of the Good Samaritan with the shells of war spreading death and destruction about him.

Gilbert Talbot was killed. He was 25, and so modest that the world had never heard of him. But his spirit flowed into the lives of those who worked with him, and in particular into the heart and soul of a chaplain, Tubby Clayton, as he is known in every country of the world.

The Upper Room

Tubby decided Talbot's influence should not die, and as a tribute to Talbot's spirit a little house was taken at Poperinghe and furnished for the use of troops, with himself as Chaplain, and with Neville Talbot as one of its great helpers. This house was destined to play a noble part in the history of mankind. Down below mudstained soldiers from the trenches could rest their bodies, write letters home, and read books and papers. Upstairs, in a long and narrow room, they could celebrate the Lord's Supper.

Strange things happened in that upper room. A private soldier once looked behind him as he was about to take Communion, and saw a General close at his heels. He drew to one side that the General might precede him. But the General took him by the arm and said, "No, my lad; there is no rank in the House of God."

To the soldiers who visited Talbot House with its sacred

upper room it became known by its telegraphic name of Toc H, and Tubby Clayton started to organise Talbot Houses all over the British Empire. Everywhere these Houses stand for brotherhood, service, self-sacrifice, remembrance. The members have four compass points for their guidance:

To think fairly
To witness humbly
To love widely
To build bravely

In those four compass points breathes the spirit of Gilbert Talbot.

Service to Others

His influence has not ceased with these Houses all over the English-speaking world; and it is not restricted to the members of the brotherhood, for it is one of the rules of the Order that every member should express his faith in service to others. He must not content himself with filling his tumbler half full, or even up to the brim. His love must flow over into other lives.

That is the whole point of the brotherhood. A boy comes to London to prepare for an examination, or to enter an office. His mother writes to Toc H. The Jobmaster gets hold of a suitable member, gives him the address of the boy's lodgings, and off goes the brother, after a hard day's work, to look the boy up, take him out for a walk, and make a friend of him. That becomes his job. He has to pass the influence of Gilbert Talbot on to this boy fresh from the country.

Be of Good Cheer

One of the things essential in a Toc H man is cheerfulness. He has to see the bright side of things, to keep the flag of good humour flying over his charity and his philanthropy. He must never wear a long face or make a song of his troubles. It is the very essence of Toc H to believe that Christ has overcome the world, and therefore to be of good cheer.

Every Toc H man is an optimist. He believes there is goodness in man, and that goodness is going to win. Sin will pass, but goodness will never pass away. To be on the winning side puts heart into a man.

That is Gilbert Talbot's spirit, now working in the world in a thousand ways, burning brightly like the Toc H lamp. Toc H has now lost both its Talbot brothers, but they live on in the world through this great brotherhood, one of the best things that ever came out of a war.

THINGS SEEN

Two hundred thousand fine cabbages being ploughed in on a Kent hilltop.

Hairpins being picked up with a magnet in a hairdresser's shop.

Peace in the Coalfields

THANKS to the goodwill and sound sense of all in the coal industry, the peace that will follow this war will not be disturbed by the series of disastrous quarrels and strikes which threw so much gloom over the whole country after the last.

Representatives of both owners and workers in the coalmining industry have been sitting round a table under the genial chairmanship of the Master of the Rolls, Lord Greene, and have evolved a comprehensive system which will settle all questions of dispute, whether local, district, or national. The compulsory arbitration in force during the war has been accepted by both sides as a permanent system to continue in the days of peace.

A National Conciliation Board of three members who are not connected with the industry and are not members of either House of Parliament is to be appointed as a final court of appeal before which all disputes not settled by negotiating committees are to be brought. The decision of this board is to be binding, the national and district organisations of both owners and workers having pledged themselves to this wise course.

This is a notable event in our history, and as it concerns our most important industry, in which there are more difficulties to smooth out than in any other, it is an event full of promise.

SPARKS IN THE DESERT SAND

WE like that tale we heard on the wireless the other night about the famous flank attack by which General Montgomery turned Rommel's Mareth line.

For three days the armoured forces were in the teeth of a hot sandstorm. The impact of the particles of sand was terrific, so much so that after a time the friction actually charged men with electricity, sending vivid sparks from their hair.

Some people are more susceptible to this effect than others, and in the case of one hot and dusty footslogger this new affliction became intolerable. Not wishing to end up as an electric battery, he had the brilliant idea of tying a wire to one of his legs and trailing it in the sand, thus "earthing" himself!

Very Good News

There is good news (as we were saying last week) for those who are concerned by the falling birthrate, which has for so many years been threatening the nation's future. The figures show:

More babies were born in England and Wales last year than in any year since 1928.

The total births were 655,075, an increase of ten per cent on the year before.

Deaths were over 1000 a week fewer than in 1941 and nearly 2000 a week fewer than 1940. The total deaths last year were 479,907, so that the births exceeded the deaths by 175,168, about double the figure for an average of four recent years.

It would appear, therefore, that babies are becoming more popular, which is the best news that Old England could have.

LITTLE NEWS REELS

THE Axis has lost ten million tons of shipping during the war.

Mr Henry Dutton, the oldest chorister of St Paul's, who has sung there 65 years, was in his place for service on his 90th birthday last week.

Mass observation has been carried into the domain of housing, and the result, it is stated, is that most of the people reported on are "broadly satisfied with their quarters."

"Hard work leads to honest reputation and happiness; the easy life leads to the Old Bailey," said the Recorder, Sir Gerald Dodson, at the Old Bailey the other day.

The return of evacuees to London has had a marked effect on sales in shops; two areas tested show considerably higher sales than any other district.

It is good to know that 87 of every 100 men are saved from wrecked cargo ships, and that five out of six times the survivors are picked up within 24 hours.

In the Canadian village of Erieau, on Lake Erie, every physically fit man has joined one of the armed forces; 53 men have volunteered out of a total population of 235.

The Germans have burned down the village of Leonovo, near Smolensk, having first driven its women and children into a gorge and shot them.

Youth News Reel

WHEN the Eighth Army entered Tripoli, the Navy's White Ensign was raised by Signaller J. D. Buchanan, who learned signalling not so long ago as a member of the 143rd Glasgow Company Boys Brigade.

Four Church Lads Brigade Old Boys have won D.F.M.s as sergeants in the R.A.F.

The Clay Cross Company of the C.L.B. has formed a team of handbell ringers.

Wolf-Cubs of Leith have collected nearly 10,000 halfpennies towards the cost of a Merchant Navy cot in the children's wing of Leith Hospital.

Canada has now 240 Air Cadet Squadrons with 20,000 boys.

THEY SAVED MANKIND

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When the Battle of Britain was over three thousand planes had crashed, four in five of them Nazi, 35,000 civilians had been killed or wounded, and 375 pilots of the R.A.F. were gone to their reward. But the R.A.F. was stronger than at the beginning, and the Island was inviolate. It had seen 750 swastika planes crash in its green fields in five single days. It had seen the London Docks on fire while Nazi announcers were heard gloating over the scene in a running commentary. It was to see millions of houses bombed, a hundred thousand men, women, and children killed in our streets, Wren churches blazing, bombs at the altar of the Abbey and St Paul's, the House of Commons gravely shattered, and Paternoster Row burned down with three million books in the bonfire. It was to see the Great Fire of London, a spectacle which those who witnessed it could never forget if they could live a thousand years. But it had seen the end of the

"I can make you disappear," said a Hindu magician to a judge when the Hindu was charged with being drunk. "I can make you disappear, too," said the judge, "30 days."

A memorial plaque has been placed in Walthamstow to record the fact that Lieutenant Johnson of Philadelphia rode his burning plane to death rather than allow it to crash on the houses in Edward Road.

The income of Free Norway is now nearly all derived from the Norwegian Merchant Fleet.

THE Chief Rabbi, Dr Hertz, informs us that there was no truth whatever in the story we told of his bus ride to Blackpool the other day; we much regret that so good a story was invented by someone unknown.

Over eight million books have been collected under the Book Recovery and Salvage Appeal organised by the Ministry of Supply; the record is held by Bangor, North Wales, with ten books per head of population.

A Hampshire Home Guard, leader of a night patrol, was crawling along a hedge when he laid his hands upon a fox.

The staff at Southern Railway stations have collected over a million old safety razor blades, weighing 1 ton 14 cwt, and have sold them for £386 for the R.A.F. Benevolent Fund.

For 16 years Troop 472 of the Boy Scouts of America has fed birds daily in winter in New York's principal parks.

Malta Scouts have been awarded the Bronze Cross by the Chief Scout of the Empire for their gallant work on the besieged island during more than 3000 air raids.

THE Food Minister, Lord Woolton, speaking at a recent Youth Exhibition, mentioned that at one time he was Scoutmaster of the 88th Liverpool Troop.

On Saturday afternoon, when Scotland meets England at football at Hampden Park, the Glasgow Battalion B.B. will give a display before the match begins and during the interval.

beginning. It had seen the confusion of the conquerors of Europe. It had seen the throwing back of the powers of darkness in the very hour they thought the world was theirs. The R.A.F. had saved the Island so that the Island could save mankind. It had given Freedom time to breathe and to build up her strength. It is to its eternal glory, and to the eternal honour of these young men, a few hundred youths from our towns and villages, that they flung back the hosts of devilry and gave the world a new lease of life and a new chance of salvation.

WE have seen the aeroplane grow from an ugly thing to a spectacle of beauty as it glides through space in formation, like a flight of wild geese. Who can say that the day will not arrive when Wilbur Wright's dream will come true, and the world's flying men, heirs of the R.A.F., will guard our peace and make it impossible for evil men to break it?

Arthur Mee

The Trousers in the Apple Tree

ROBIN REDBREAST and his mate have built a nest in a pair of flannel trousers, and there are four freckled eggs. The trousers were blown by blast into an apple tree when a house was partly demolished during an air-raid on a south-west coastal town.

No one bothered to recover them. They were not of much use anyway, but they came in handy for Mr and Mrs Redbreast, who are never very particular as to where they set up housekeeping. The usual plan of building in thick leafy bush or

cosy hedgerow nook is not always followed. Often a more original site is chosen.

An old basket hanging in a tool-shed was once turned into a safe nursery, and another Redbreast family was reared in a broken saucepan which someone had thrown away. A sack, portions of which had rotted, leaving gaps for the parents to go in and out, was also commandeered, while another pair of house-hunting robins fell in love with an empty flower-pot and settled there. Many a discarded kettle, too, has provided a suitable home.

HOME AGAIN

A British officer, home from service in the far northern islands, tells us that after this experience of rocky isolation England is a strange and delightful place to him.

He felt that he must shout for delight, he said, on seeing trees, hedges, green fields, and softly flowing rivers. In the noisy tumult of London traffic there seemed to be almost a silence, and he was conscious of a straining to catch the continuous roar of winds and the crash of raging waters hurling themselves on the rocky shores.

Up there, he says, a voice within him was echoing Browning's "Oh, to be in England!"—not only in April, but in any month and every month.

TRAVELLING PORTRAITS

The exhibition of portraits now being sent round the country by the Royal Society of Portrait Painters is on view at Worthing from April 17 to May 15, and among the portraits is Frank Salisbury's of the Editor of the C.N.

HURRICANES

A new treatise on Hurricanes has just been published by Dr Tannehill, the accepted authority, and he gives a complete list of all the devastating West Indian hurricanes between 1493 and 1941. It is believed that the famous hurricane of 1609, which wrecked English vessels on the way to Jamestown, inspired Shakespeare to write The Tempest.

THE CHILD What Will He Become?

It is no longer almost universal for the child to follow the father down the coalmine or into the cotton mill.

In these industries, as in others, children seeking a career are beginning to think for themselves, and to ask not only what are the prospects, but what sort of a reasonable life any industry offers. The Chairman of the Cotton Board says the number of young people seeking a career in the cotton trade has fallen gravely.

Mr Butler, President of the Board of Education, pointed out at a Manchester conference that between 1921 and 1931 juvenile entrants to the cotton industry fell by over a half, while the average age of the manufacturing sections shortly before the war was 43 years. Mr Butler went on to emphasise the need for junior technical schools, and continuation schools up to the age of 18, where the system would include proper care of health.

At the same meeting the President of the Board of Trade spoke of the building of technical colleges which would be true universities of industry, and of aiming at an equality of opportunity in our educational system.

GROWMORE

Mr F. L. Easterbrook, the agricultural expert, gives some interesting details of the Growmore Clubs which are springing up in Hampshire. Some 50 are now scattered through the county, and the movement is spreading to other districts. The members meet on farms on Sunday afternoons to exchange knowledge of methods and to criticise results. Common means of measurement are devised, based on wheat raised to the acre or the number of acres needed to keep a dairy cow.

THE LIGHT WILL NOT GO OUT

When the Witwatersrand University was conferring the honorary degree of Doctor of Law on Mrs Smuts the Field-Marshal said this:

On the battlefronts the clouds are lifting. The tide has turned, and turned for good, whatever desperate and deadly expedients the enemy may yet resort to in his despair. Victory is coming nearer, the historic human advance will not be halted. The great light will not be put out. This will be a free and not a slave world.

250 DOGS

Mrs Dora Radley has found herself a most unusual war job. Realising that there are dozens of animal lovers called to the Forces, many of whom do not know how to arrange for the welfare of their pets, she has started an organisation to look after the canine orphans. Today she has 250 dogs.

FLUID COAL

Pipe-lines are being made in the United States to convey fluid coal to factories not too far from coalfields. The coal is ground down to a dust-like fineness, so that it pours through the fingers in a silky flow, and the fine particles are picked up by a stream of air and led on to pipes a quarter of an inch wide. Here it is mixed with water, and the fluid is pumped along the pipes, through which it flows easily, and can be sprayed out in jets to feed forges and furnaces.

The Care of Lovely Things

THERE is a bureau for American Service men in London where all manner of unusual questions are asked and answered.

The other day a US soldier wanted to know where he could see some fine Chippendale furniture, not in a museum but in actual use. Arrangements were made at once for him to visit the home of Lord Ebbisham, where he was entertained and shown examples of the work of this exquisite 18th-century craftsman which have been in continuous daily use since they were made.

Though the Nazi airmen have done their best to destroy all they can reach of our historic treasures, great and small, it is in English homes all over the country that the furniture of Thomas Chippendale and his

successors George Hepplewhite and Thomas Sheraton are best to be seen. The most noteworthy works of these three inspired cabinet-makers (the humble name by which they called themselves, though we know them as great artists) may well be in our museums in normal times, but now, we hope, they are stowed away in safe places.

Yet from homes great and small, in every part of the country, a rare and noble catalogue might be made of the glory of English furniture at its finest, tables and chairs, dressers, bureaux, and corner-cupboards, all made to use and yet made lovely, all still in use, and still lovely after more than two-and-a-half centuries of constant care and constant service.

WHEELS FOR TROOPS.

Norfolk has been kindly to the troops in its midst. Many of them attached to searchlight and gun sites are far from anywhere, and even when they are allowed a short leave to break the monotony of their routine they are so far from any town that they have no time to get there and back. But this summer things are going to be better, an honorary colonel having raised a fund of £500 with which to buy bicycles.

PLASTIC PLANES?

It is understood that plastic materials have already been brought into use in British aircraft production, but a message from America suggests that it may be possible to employ them on a larger scale.

The Chemical Engineering Department of Columbia University announces the production of a new plastic called Thermo-Cast, which is said to be as hard as steel, but much lighter and easier to work with.

According to Professor James Churt, we can now anticipate an aeroplane made of large plastic sections, readily assembled, and giving us great speed of production.

GOOD LITTLE DONKEY

More than £200 was raised for the Beccles district farmers' gift sale for the Red Cross Agricultural Fund by means of a donkey presented by Mr J. W. Leggett.

The donkey was paraded in the town and people were asked to guess its weight, the competition raising £77 13s 4d. When it was sold by auction the donkey realised another £128 18s, so that its total earnings for the cause came to £206 11s 4d.

Union For Europe

AMERICANS in the past, looking eastwards at Europe across the broad Atlantic, have sometimes made unkindly comparisons between our ancient Continent and their New World.

Viewing the Europe of recent years, and considering the history of Europe for five centuries and more, they have said quite bluntly that it is no better than a madhouse.

After all, if the 48 States of the American Union, with precisely the same variety of races and cultures and traditions (perhaps even more when we count the Negro and the Red Indian), can live in friendship and social cooperation, why is it not possible for Europe to do the same? The answer is that Europe must do the same if she is to survive.

Switzerland has shown how it can be done on a small scale, and now the Foreign Minister of Belgium (M. Spaak) is telling us how he hopes the idea may grow. The Governments of the smaller foreign countries now in London are considering the idea of economic federation, a union against future aggressors, and they hope that any such union will be backed by British might.

It would be a first-rate beginning. Not that we are anxious to see the return of that bad old principle known as the Balance of Power which was so fruitful a cause of war in the past. But if such a federation showed the way who knows whether the whole of Europe at least might not join in?

Empire Leader & Young England



Viscount Bennett, the only Empire Prime Minister living among us, has a word with a boy of a Home Guard band

The EDITOR'S TABLE

Our Cromwellian

WE imagine that two lines from Macaulay's poem on the Battle of Naseby may have come into the minds of some soldiers in North Africa the other day when Montgomery's men burst through. Macaulay was writing, of course, of Cromwell, but for "Brave Oliver" we have printed Montgomery:

*Whose banner do I see, boys? 'Tis he, thank God, 'tis he, boys;
Bear up another minute, Montgomery is here.*

We may be sure Macaulay, glad to write so warmly of Cromwell, would have been equally glad to write of our own Cromwellian general.

GAINING TIME

VOLTAIRE, the French philosopher, would have had something neat and humorous to say; we may be bound, if he could see how we organise our wartime days and nights in this country, for while we double our summertime we shorten our Blackout. Voltaire knew England as a resident here, and learned our language, but he did not approve of our pronunciation, declaring that the English gain two hours a day by clipping their words!

Tomorrow's News

THE world would be sorry to lose the marvellous imagination of Mr H. G. Wells, but it is surely not at its best when it tells him that newspapers are dead.

Mr Wells thinks we are approaching the time when we shall dial NEWS as we dial TIM, but it seems to us that here his imagination is failing him, for surely what will happen is what we ourselves suggested many years ago—that we shall not have to pick up the telephone at all, for the news will be printed on a screen hanging in our room.

JUST AN IDEA

We should regard Alcohol as a fifth columnist, the enemy at our gates, says a notice-board in the streets of one of our towns.

Under the Editor's Table

You do not often see a round loaf. But you can have a loaf round.

LAVAL has given four of his Ministers the sack. He himself will soon want sackcloth.

THE Girls Training Corps places authority in the hands of young women. They soon have everything at their finger-tips.

IT is easy to make your own chicken run. Chase it.

Peter Puck Wants to Know



Why the cuckoo sings its own name

WAR AND HEALTH

It is good to realise that if our war diet has been restricted it has been more scientific.

Many people have gained by eating less meat and more vegetables, and many men who work hard have found that they do not need a lot of meat. Except for the short ration of butter and milk our food is better for us than it has ever been before.

One of our chief bugbears, tuberculosis, appears to be losing its terror. It seemed to be coming back with something of its old vehemence, but we are now back to where we were before the war in this disease. That is one great fear that has passed away, and for this we may all be thankful.

Wait, and the Day Will Come

NEVER despair. A man may seem to be in a hopeless minority, with all the powers against him, and yet come into his own.

Rumania has a Peasant Party, led by an anti-Nazi, Dr Maniu, who has so far avoided arrest, and now that the time has come for Dictator Antonescu to feel uneasy in his seat he has turned to Dr Maniu for help and counsel, and the good doctor has been able to save 600 Jews from being deported into German torture camps and to secure for army Jews the same rights as ordinary citizens.

The day will come.

The Hymn That Is Heard No More

THE Nazis in this war deny themselves a luxury enjoyed by the Germans in the last. They all then sang the Hymn of Hate, with such lines as, "We have all but a single hate. . . . We have one foe and one alone—England!" They sing it no longer and have nothing with which to replace it; Goebbels has no substitute. The reason for the silence of the Hymn is not that Hitler and his friends are less bitter against us, but Hitler dare not have it sung because its author was a Jew!

The Listener in the Garden

THIS story of long ago has been sent to us by an old friend. While he was still a youth there came to stay at his home a boy of ten who, born deaf, was supposed to be dumb as well. One day our friend and the boy, out walking, passed under a bridge as a train crossed over it, and the boy stiffened excitedly and held up a finger wonderingly. Had he heard the train or merely, like a fish in water, felt the vibrations?

The problem was soon put to the test. An electrical aid for the deaf was fitted up at home and the earphones, clamped to the boy's head. Then speech was tried, and from the joy and astonishment on the face of the lad they knew that he heard. The human voice, although the words were yet meaningless to him, had for the first time come to his knowledge.

After a spell of this marvel, the boy took his apparatus and, attended by his relatives, set out, obviously with a fixed purpose, down the garden and to the poultry-run. Arrived there, he sat down excitedly and expectantly, listening. To his intimate satisfaction he heard the hens clucking and chattering. Assuredly, then, the boy thought, poultry talk with one another as human beings do. Satisfied on this point, the poor boy, who had a poet's heart and lovely fancies, imagined that beauty could not be so voiceless in a world of hearing, so, quitting the fowls, he returned in haste to the garden and sat down in hope, and wonder before a great bed of flowers, fancying that, like birds and human beings, they too might be heard talking!

That was the first disappointment of the little poet's day of seeming miracles, but it was a disappointment modified by the thought that, living, like him, in a world of silence, flowers had something in common with him. The little boy of ten is now a grown man and hears by artificial aid and has been taught to speak, but still he remembers the moment when he sat before the flowers, with an unspoken question whose answer was silence.

The Road to Peace and Plenty

WE can't have the triumph, We can't have the prize, We can't reach the country Where happiness lies, Until we have trodden The hard way between; So welcome! rough road where Our fathers have been.

O, COME along, Trouble, Let hardships redouble, Come rough ways and bluff ways And Slough of Despond; The sooner we face you The sooner we face you, And come to the Peace and The Plenty beyond. Janet Begbie



Hospital Train

A United States nurse using a microscope in the laboratory of a hospital train constructed in Britain for the US and British armies

The Little Ships

THE more we hear the more we realise how valiantly the little ships are living up to the glorious traditions they inherit.

When we have won the war we shall all realise that we could not have done it without the little ships—the little ships that swoop into the minefields and sweep vast engines of destruction and death from the track of greater vessels; the little ships that carry men and cargo, that bring in fish, that act as sheep-dogs to the sheep of the great convoys; that carry out a thousand diverse duties of which we hear nothing until the announcement comes of some splendid distinction for the valour of a man aboard.

It is the Revenge story over again, day by day, modified by circumstances and technique. Sir Richard Grenville's deathless little ship, which had been

commanded by Drake against the Armada, set a standard from which there is no departing. She fought 15 great Spanish warships for 15 hours, with only 150 men against 5000. When the dying Sir Richard was overcome there remained only 20 men alive; the powder was all gone, the hand-arms were bent and broken, the sails were shot away, there was water in the hold, and great shot-holes in her hull; but all around lay the Spanish ships that she had shattered in her incomparable fight. A storm came on after the battle, and down with the Revenge went 14 Spanish ships, as if, said Sir Walter Raleigh, "it pleased them to honour that renowned ship, not suffering her to perish alone, for the great honour she achieved in her lifetime."

She was the queen of little ships, 500 tons!

SHARK NEWS

OUT in the great oceans are the homes of the giant deep-sea sharks. The importance of the shark for oil has increased as the war has progressed, and owing to the shortage of cod liver oil, which was Fish Oil Number One, shark oil has risen from 5s to 10s and 15s a gallon.

Shark fishing as a separate industry was first organised on a commercial basis some 25 years ago, early public companies operating on the coasts of Australia, Africa, the West Indies, and the United States. The method of fishing was either with nets or set lines, and in nearly every case shore stations were set up and equipped with plant designed to utilise the whole carcass—liver, hide, flesh, bones, fins, teeth, and whatnot.

However, although some remarkable catches were made, and dividends paid here and there for a season or two, none of these efforts was really successful.

In Fiji waters, and most likely in all Pacific groups, the best catches are made in reef passages, and experience suggests that the

more exposed the reefs the better the chances. Under these conditions weather plays a decisive part.

Writing from Suva in Fiji about his own shark fishing, Mr G. F. Russell says he has caught most of his sharks with lines attached to ten gallon drums with bait of fish or meat. "What you are relying on is the shark's sense of smell, which is fortunately remarkably keen. Once he gets the scent, and likes it, he is yours, providing he does not bite through your drop-line, break your trace, bend your hook, or get eaten up on the hook by a brother or sister shark, and this quite often happens."

Converting the flesh and bones into stock food and fertiliser demands a factory ship with a big turnover; preserving the pancreatic gland for extraction of insulin requires special plant and cold storage; and disposing of the jaws and removing the teeth is sheer unremunerative hard work at present values. In any case, the oil, at today's price, represents some 60 per cent of the total value.

The Splendid Farms of Britain

FIELDS AND FACTORIES SURVEYED

THE war has shown us the importance of extracting every ounce of food from the soil, and the necessity of preparing now for a post-war policy. This (as we have already announced) has led the Minister of Agriculture, Mr Hudson, to initiate a National Farm Survey, and British farms have not been reviewed so thoroughly since the Conqueror's Domesday Book.

In England and Wales 300,000 holdings of five acres and upwards are included in this survey, on which 6000 men, mostly voluntary workers attached to the County War Agricultural Committees, have been engaged since 1941. The Conqueror's Survey of 1083 took 15 years, but Mr Hudson's is already nearing completion.

The survey includes a record of every farm—conditions of tenure and occupation, natural state of farm, its fertility, equipment, its adequacy of water and electricity supplies, management, condition of farm, and its wartime ploughing-up record.

It will be possible for the Ministry of Agriculture to see exactly where improvements can be made, which farms require supervision, where bad farmers must be replaced, where drainage must be improved and where the use of fertilisers must be increased.

The Farm Survey is also a "blueprint for post-war agricultural planning" which will show where cottages are most urgently needed, where rebuilding of old homesteads is necessary, where water and electricity are essential.

Each farm is to be mapped, showing boundaries and its fields. This work will reveal what land must be reserved and protected from building development; and show those farms which have

been rendered uneconomic because they are divided too much.

All this information and statistics will show clearly to the post-war Government the problems to be solved and remedies to be adopted.

A modern Domesday Book must cover industrial as well as agricultural resources, and so a nationwide survey of Britain's engineering capacity has been completed. It catalogues the floor-space, machines, manpower, experience, and management.

This job was done by the 11 regional and 55 district "capacity offices" throughout Britain. Its purpose is to guide, in the best interests of total output, the distribution of the production load over the regional and district areas by indicating exactly where engineering plant, labour, premises and management are available.

Through these records in the capacity offices it is possible to transfer surplus supply in one district to another where there is too little. The offices also ascertain where new contracts can be placed without overload and without waste.

To do their job capacity offices must therefore maintain records of regional resources and their current load. They must be able to detect idle capacity as well as overload and guide the distribution of load to the firms best able to deliver goods to time.

The Judge to the Engine Driver

Over a hundred people have been killed and injured in a train accident in the Transvaal, and Judge Ramsbottom, in sentencing the driver to 18 months imprisonment, pointed out that the accident was due to his drinking. This is from the judge's speech.

THE jury have found that you were under the influence of liquor when you drove the train. I have considered what your counsel has said. He has reminded me that you have 20 years' service on the railways, that you have been given a good character, that the result of what has happened must be that you will realise the consequence of your conduct, and that you and your family will suffer. All those factors I have taken into account, but people who drive trains must realise that the

safety of hundreds of people may be in their hands.

I must have in mind that there are others who accept the responsibility of the engine driver, and must be warned against the danger of indulgence in liquor.

Once a man has taken liquor it becomes difficult for him to refuse liquor when that is given to him. Having taken liquor, you did not realise that you were unfit to drive the train.

This is another example that has come before these Courts of the terrible effects of alcohol, and the tragedies caused by drink. Day after day we find that many people are killed, men ruined, and families plunged into misery because someone has been under the influence of liquor. One wonders what alcohol costs this country in life, failures, misery, and money.

GO YE INTO ALL THE WORLD

OVER three million Bibles were sold in China last year.

This is a million fewer than a year before, but the difference is largely, if not wholly, accounted for by the fact that six agencies had not been able to send in their returns. The Bible House in Chungking, the much-bombed capital of Free China, still stands, and the demand for Scriptures there has been very great.

Transporting Bibles is no small problem in such a vast land of poor communications, and the Bible Society's representative lists 16 methods that have been used recently. They are steamers, small launches, rowing-boats, junks, motor-trucks, motor-cars, motor-buses, bicycles, pack-horses, ox-drawn carts, wheelbarrows, camels, human carriers, rickshaw-pullers, trains, and aeroplanes.

CARRY ON

WISHING

Do you wish the world were better?

Let me tell you what to do: Set a watch upon your actions, Keep them always straight and true.

Do you wish the world were wiser?

Well, suppose you make a start By accumulating wisdom. In the scrapbook of your heart.

Do you wish the world were happy?

Then remember day by day Just to scatter seeds of kindness As you pass along the way.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox

The Voice of Wisdom at the Ballot-Box

It is not enough for us to say "cheats never prosper."

They will prosper in so far as honest folk allow them to, and to that extent retard man's progress towards better things.

We are enfranchised in many more directions than we imagine, and the use of that franchise becomes a pressing duty as we realise the dire effect of its non-use in the ever-increasing complications of modern life. Let the voice of wisdom be as loud and insistent as the voice of unwisdom, and its authority will soon bear fruit in the more triumphant and rapid progress of man towards his true goal.

Don't blame a blind fate, or the more substantial Other Man—whoever he may be—for our sorry plight. Get closer to the fundamental facts of life; closer to the causes, and judge from that standpoint. It is just possible we shall all find some little we can do about it.

W. E. Elliott in "Truth Ever Lovely" (Hodder & Stoughton)

ENGLAND

I TRAVELLED among unknown men In lands beyond the sea; Nor, England! did I know till then What love I bore to thee.

William Wordsworth

Love Thy Neighbour

YE have heard that it hath been said, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbour and hate thine enemy; but I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you; that ye may be the children of your Father in heaven, for he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust. For if ye love them which love you, what reward have ye? And if ye salute your brethren only, what do ye more than others?

Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect.

Sermon on the Mount

Books to Throw Away

YOUNG readers, you whose hearts are open, whose understandings are not yet hardened, and whose feelings are neither exhausted nor encrusted with the world, take from me a better rule than any professors of criticism will teach you.

Would you know whether the tendency of a book is good or evil, examine in what state of mind you lay it down. Has it induced you to suspect that what you have been accustomed to think unlawful may, after all, be innocent, and that may be harmless which you have hitherto been taught to think dangerous? Has it tended to make you dissatisfied and impatient under the control of others, and disposed you to relax in that self-government without which the laws of both God and man tell us there can be no virtue, and consequently no happiness? Has it

attempted to abate your admiration and reverence for what is great and good, and to diminish in you a love of your country and of your fellow-creatures? Has it addressed itself to your pride, or any of your evil propensities? Has it defiled the imagination with what is loathsome, and shocked the heart with what is monstrous? Has it disturbed the sense of right and wrong which the Creator has implanted in the soul?

If so—if you have felt, that such were the effects it was intended to produce—throw the book into the fire, whatever name it may bear upon the title-page. Throw it in the fire, young man, though it should have been the gift of a friend. Young lady, away with the whole set; though it should be the most prominent furniture in the rosewood book-case.

Robert Southey

I Live For Those Who Love Me.

I LIVE for those who love me,
Whose hearts are kind and true;
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit too;
For all human ties that bind me,
For the task by God assigned me,
For the bright hopes left behind me,
And the good that I can do.

I live to learn their story,
Who suffered for my sake;
To emulate their glory,
And follow in their wake;
Bards, patriots, martyrs, sages,
The noble of all ages,
Whose deeds crown history's pages,
And Time's great volume make.

I live to hail that season,
By gifted minds foretold,
When men shall live by reason,
And not alone by gold;
When man to man united,
And every wrong thing righted,
The whole world shall be lighted
As Eden was of old.

I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true;
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit too;
For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the wrong that needs resistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do.

George Linnaeus Banks



THIS ENGLAND A Spring day at Little Missenden in Buckinghamshire

A Million Lodgers in Strange Homes

BILLETER AND BILLETEE

NEARLY a million war-workers are now billeted away from their homes, but there are still more mobile women needed for industry—desperately needed.

Naturally enough, billeting troubles have arisen, troubles not new, for they have been familiar for three years. Hosts and guests have rubbed along pretty well as a rule, but the adjustment has not been easy. After all, the Englishman's home is his castle, and it is not easy for him or his wife to accustom themselves to having strangers taking the spare room, sharing the living-rooms, and looking as though they might monopolise the kitchen.

On the other hand, the war-workers may well expect, after a long 10-hour day, to find some comfort when they return to their lodgings, wearied out, maybe, with a long bus or train journey over and above the day's hard grind.

So much depends upon host and guest. There is a country town near London, the centre of unaccustomed factory bustle, where one girl will pay ten shillings a week for a clean and comfortable bed-sitting-room in a pleasant house, and the girl who works beside her must pay 30s. for a very poor dingy and mingy example of "bed-and-breakfast."

Some landladies are proud to have war-workers as billetees, and eager to welcome them; some are disgruntled at the idea, and think the only suitable retort is to screw as much as they can out of them. Some,

billetees are careful and considerate, remembering that they are guests in the home of a stranger, and behaving with proper consideration. Some, on the other hand, behave in such a way that their hosts wish most fervently they had never seen them.

The C.N. makes a suggestion. Suppose every billeted war-worker and every householder who has a war-worker to billet were to repeat to himself or herself each night, before going to bed, that splendid but forgotten slogan of 1939, "It All Depends on Me," and repeat it on waking next day. Would there not be a greater consciousness that much does indeed depend upon that mutual helpfulness and understanding which enables people thrown together by unexpected chance to make the best of strange, unfamiliar, and perhaps unwelcome circumstances?

That kind of understanding was very evident in 1940, our finest hour. It is part of the spirit which wins wars and makes life victorious in peace. There has always been a strong dash of it in British life. Let us call it into service at every hour of this difficult yet dramatic time, this solemn crisis which most of us are too busy to appreciate.

It All Depends on Us, on All of Us.

BEDTIME CORNER

The Birthday Present

BECAUSE Ronnie was only four it was not often that he went out without his mother. So Farmer John was surprised one morning when he came across him in the wood, gathering primroses.

"Hallo!" he called out, leaving the old mare and coming up to the lad. "All alone?"

"Yes," answered Ronnie. "Mummie thinks I'm at Gran-nie's," he explained.

"Oh, does she?" laughed Farmer John. "So you gave her the slip. Won't she find out and be a bit anxious?"

Ronnie hadn't thought of that. "You see," he said, "it's her birthday, and I wanted to give her a bunch of flowers—and it's no good, of course, unless it's a surprise."

Farmer John nodded. "All the same," he said, "I'd hurry up if I were you."

"Perhaps I'd better," agreed Ronnie. "But I haven't got many yet: all the best ones are over there." And he pointed across the stream.

"I guess we shall have to go over and get them," said Farmer John.

"We'd get frightfully wet," Ronnie said doubtfully, for although the stream was shallow there was a fair amount of water.

"Perhaps old Bess can help," smiled the farmer.

At his whistle the old mare came slowly forward. Farmer John lifted Ronnie on her back, and then swung himself up behind. Off they went.

Splash! splash! across the



pebbles on to the other side. It was fun!

Ronnie soon had a big handful of the big yellow blooms, and then, to his great delight, he rode home on Bess's back.

Mummie was delighted with her birthday present, and more pleased still to have Ronnie safely home.

GOOD NEWS FROM SCOTLAND

More Food From Land and Sea

MODERN science, the magician, now promises us greater crops from the soil and more food from the sea. Mr Tom Johnston, M.P., Secretary of State for Scotland, speaks within the bounds of possibility when he declares that science has given us definite pointers to a time when Britain may not only be able to feed herself, but to do so with a liberality undreamed of yet. If we should ever be able to do so it would explode an idea which has been the stock-in-trade of politicians for years.

Sir John Graham Kerr, M.P., the biologist, who has done so much original work in this matter, puts it that we are on the verge of tremendous discoveries which will affect agriculture and fisheries. By increasing sea-plant food by the application of nitrogen and phosphates fish can be greatly multiplied.

In one experiment the weight of founders increased ten times.

Beating the Seasons

So, too, with plant life. Experiments are directed to kill dangerous bacteria in the soil while working no harm to valuable forms of life. Mr Johnston says that Scottish market gardeners, by steam-heating and sterilising the soil, are raising six to eight crops in a season, and are now in a position to beat Continental growers in the early market in time of peace. Lettuces have been cut as early as January. Carrots and turnips will be ready for the market at the end of April. The process is beating the seasons.

Lady Kerr has stated that she has made satisfactory experiments in her own garden by steaming soil, obtaining six to eight times the return from seed. This can be done, she says, by putting four inches of water in the bottom of a large pot, filling up with soil, and boiling for 20 minutes.

SERGEANT BOB, M.P.

DEAR EDITOR, My children attend Katherine Lady Berkeley's Grammar School at Wotton-under-Edge (founded 1384), and yesterday I went to the Speech Day in company with several other mothers from this village.

To our surprise, seated in the front row with the distinguished visitors was the genial, grey-haired, giant New Zealander who, with his Forestry "boys," has become so popular during his stay in our district.

Known to most people as "Sergeant Bob," he seemed particularly happy when arranging social events for the children, but none of this accounted for that front seat.

After welcoming speakers and guests, the headmaster said it was several years since they had had a visitor from the Dominions, but today they had in their midst a Member of the New Zealand House of Representatives, Sergeant Stevens, M.P. A great man among us and we didn't know it!

GLoucestershire Villager

Close Approach of Venus to Saturn

HER RACE WITH THE EARTH

VENUS is now a splendid feature of the south-west sky in the evening, writes the C.N. Astronomer, and with Saturn apparently in close proximity there will be an added interest during the next couple of weeks. There is no mistaking the brilliant Venus, which appears the brightest of all the celestial host and can be seen soon after sunset above and to the left of where the Sun has set.

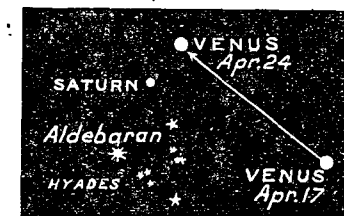
Saturn, being not nearly so bright, will not be perceived until the twilight deepens, when he will be found at the present time a little way to the left of, and at a higher altitude than, Venus. But from evening to evening it will be obvious that Venus is apparently drawing nearer to Saturn, until in a week's time, by April 24, Venus will appear to be only a little way above Saturn. Venus will then pass him by, as it appears to us, and thenceforward will travel away to the left of him and at a higher altitude in the direction of the arrow in our map. The length of the arrow indicates the apparent extent Venus will travel towards Saturn in the course of next week.

The motion of Saturn during this time will appear inappreciable and he will remain relatively in very much the same position as regards the bright star Aldebaran, which appears below him, and not quite so bright. Though apparently approaching one another, Venus and Saturn are actually receding, and at a great rate, for, while Venus is coming nearer to us, Saturn is travelling away. Actually Venus is much nearer to us than she is to Saturn, being at the present time 115,000,000 miles away, whereas Saturn is about 905,000,000 miles distant. In a week Venus will have reduced her distance by some 5,000,000 miles, so we may realise how rapidly celestial objects move while appearing to us only to creep along imperceptibly; actually Venus is speeding about 40 times faster than a shot leaves a gun.

At present the Earth is racing away from Venus, but as she is travelling at about 22 miles a second while the Earth's speed is barely 18½ miles a second,

Venus is gradually overtaking the Earth. She will not do so until September, when she will pass between the Earth and the Sun, but at a considerably lower altitude.

Venus will then be at her nearest to us, only about 25,000,000 miles away, but quite invisible because the dark side of the planet will be turned toward us. It is only possible to see Venus under such circumstances when, passing directly between the Earth and the Sun, she is silhouetted as a black disc against the Sun's brilliant



face. Unfortunately this rarely happens, and not until the year 2004 will the next transit of Venus, as it is called, take place; the last was in December 1882.

The planet Mercury is now coming into view in the evening and should be easy to find, after next week, with the aid of Venus; for if an imaginary line be drawn from Venus to where the Sun has set a short while before Mercury will be found a little way to the left of this line. But he will not be far above the horizon at present as he sets within an hour of the Sun. However, during the next three weeks Mercury will reach much higher altitudes and set nearly two hours after the Sun. As Mercury will also approach nearer to Venus he may be readily found, being about as bright as Saturn. G. F. M.

America's British Regiment

NOR many people realise that one of the most famous regiments in the British Army was formed on the American continent, in what is now the United States. But it is so, and it is fitting that the latest news of this gallant King's Royal Rifle Corps, the Sixtieth Rifles, is of 15 young university men from the States who came to join it in 1941.

The Corps carries Louisbourg and Quebec among its first and proudest battle honours. It was raised from American colonists in days long before the War of Independence, and played a leading part in the conquest of Canada from the French. For two centuries the heroism of the K.R.R.s has shone bright in the annals of the British Army in fields of battle all over the world. In 1940 they were the forlorn hope defending Calais to the last against hopeless odds, and last autumn, like the grand 51st

Highland Division, they had their revenge in the Battle of Egypt.

The 60th is Mr. Eden's old regiment, and when the young Americans came here to enlist he went to meet them. Five of them received commissions, after going through the ranks. All have been wounded, the latest being Charles Bolte, son of an American general.

When the U.S. came into the war some of these American K.R.R.s joined their own Army. But others "stayed put" because they loved the grand old Sixtieth, whose Latin motto means "Swift and Bold," and the Cockney humour of their comrades was very much to their taste. Many of the K.R.R.s, including all their Territorial units, such as the Queen's Westminster, the Queen Victoria Rifles, and the Rangers, are typical Londoners. The world has no finer fighting men.

The Children's Newspaper, April 17, 1943

THE FIRST TO FIGHT THE ENEMY Our Great Ally China

THE sympathy of children throughout the country has been stirred by the appeal of the United Aid to China Fund. The appeal has gradually been taken up by schools everywhere, and now seems likely to continue indefinitely.

In her appeal Lady Cripps told how it takes 9d to fly a pound of drugs 100 miles; to keep an orphan child for a month costs £1 10s; to train a wounded soldier or a soldier's widow for work costs from £2 to £4, and to support a hospital bed for three months costs £3 10s.

The idea of "adopting" one of China's orphans, of whom there are two millions, has caught the children's imagination more than anything else, and many schools are now contributing the 30s each month. Some of the schools have asked to adopt two, or even three, but it has been left to the academy at Kilmarnock to undertake such a big family as fourteen. They have a War Charities Committee and they have sent £21 as a first instalment. The Primary Department have undertaken to provide for five, and the other nine have been distributed between the first, second, third, and fourth year secondary students.

Nearly always the schools want to adopt some specific orphan, but the difficulties of allotting individual children to any particular school are too difficult for

this to be done. Money sent for "adoption," however, is specially earmarked. Of the first sum of £120,000 sent to Chungking by the Fund, Madame Chiang Kai-shek, who has 30,000 of these little children under her care, immediately allocated £25,000 for the care of such orphans and child refugees.

The scholars of a Sunday School near Rochdale have sent five guineas, collected in "ship" halfpennies, and the Brown Owl of a Neasden Brownie Pack has sent two chocolate boxes containing 1392 farthings, "with love for some little Chinese girls." Many have helped by gathering nettles and herbs for the collection, or have worked for farmers and sent their earnings.

Schools throughout Britain have now contributed nearly £10,000 in all to the Fund, which stands at £365,466. Its offices are at 57 New Bond Street, and the Editor is sure many CN friends will be anxious to send a mite to help it on its noble way. China has been in the war longer than any of us, and for five years she stood alone, the first to fight Aggression.

The Slithery Eel

THE Ministry of Agriculture has been calling attention to the value of the common eel as a source of food. Indeed, no fish in our rivers or seas has so high a food value as this slithery, slimy thing.

Before the war about 2000 tons of eels were imported from the Continent and Ireland, while we neglected our own sources of supply in this island. Since the outset of the war, therefore, the Ministry has been encouraging our eel-fisheries, offering a loan free of interest to cover half the cost of installing traps and nets for intercepting the silver eels as they make for their breeding grounds in the deep sea. They leave us fat and strong after feeding for six years in our fresh waters, and never return to us.

But their offspring return to us in a quite unrecognisable form, one-year-old young eels (Leptocephali as scientists call them, from their slender heads), who in spring and summer swarm up our western rivers in myriads, and in a much lesser degree up our eastern rivers. To catch and distribute these eels as widely as possible in our most suitable feeding grounds is the

present task of our Ministry. A picture in last week's CN shows one of the scoop nets used to catch the eels in the Severn.

Long before the last war the Germans had realised the importance of the eel, and had established a depot at Epney-on-Severn from which millions were exported from 1908 onwards. In 1919 our Fresh-Water Fish Committee recommended that an experimental eel-cultivating establishment should be set up under Government auspices, and the Ministry of Agriculture endeavoured to acquire the German depot. But the Germans still went on exporting their millions to their homeland, and only since the beginning of this war has the depot been taken over.

The eels, which have not reached the stage at which they swim off to the deep seas, are in many cases valuable food, some of these brown eels weighing a pound, and are being caught in slow-flowing rivers. For this purpose the Ministry has introduced what is known as the Dutch fyke net, and it is hoped that many more eels, both brown and silver, will be on the market.

A MAN WITH SOMETHING TO DO

THE pupil of a schoolmaster in the East Riding of Yorkshire has compiled this list of the positions his master holds now.

Organist, Choirmaster, Senior Warden, ARP Umpire, ARP Lecturer, Billeting Officer, Evacuation Officer, Rural District Councillor, Parish Council Clerk, Parish Council Treasurer, Chairman of Invasion Committee, Secretary of Nursing

Association, Secretary of Parochial Church Council, Secretary of Village Gardens Association, Secretary of Committee of Air Training Corps, Bank Manager of Day School, Actuary of Evening Bank, Librarian, Employment Officer, Treasurer of Hospital Scheme, Member of Citizens' Advice Bureau, Scouts Committee, Governor of County Hospital, Headmaster of Village School.

A Tale From Yorkshire

This story was sent to us by a friend of the CN who was travelling up to Yorkshire.

I was delighted when on a journey North the other day a young Polish airman took the seat beside me.

He looked sad and thoughtful, but I soon found that his expression could change instantly to one of boyish frankness, and so it was natural that I should associate him with those chivalrous men who have left their homes and families and come here to fight with us in the battle for freedom. No wonder he could be sad, having had no word from his family or his friends since the fall of France. Chivalrous he was when he thrust a bar of chocolate into the hands of a girl who had refused a cigarette.

I discovered that he had been wounded and was on his way to a Convalescent Home in the North, and as he was uncertain of the transport services I decided to catch a later connection and accompany him. Arriving at the northern town, I telephoned the hospital and arranged for an ambulance to fetch him in half an hour. Time for tea, I thought, and in spite of his appeal that I should not miss my connection I took him to a café near by, where he won the hearts of the waitresses as he had done mine, and all were eager to help and all wanted to pay the bill. But to crown it all the waitress informed us that there would be no charge!

Back in the station he unlocked his bag and took out a box of cigarettes, which he pushed into my pocket, saying they were the brand I had said I liked.

ESCAPE FROM BURMA

To escape from Dunkirk was a harrowing experience, but two heroes of that epic have found an escape from Burma a much greater ordeal. Sergeant Frend and Corporal Bland were among a party of seven officers and men who were told to make their way either to China or India in charge of several bullock carts laden with rupee notes. For months they travelled in circles, hemmed in by the advancing Japanese. Four men perished.

After six months of wandering Sergeant Frend, blind in one eye after a fight with bandits, set out alone towards Chinese territory to seek help for his two remaining companions, both now stricken with fever. One of these men, Corporal Bland, was found and cared for by some Chinese villagers, and Sergeant Frend also fell into friendly hands. Both of them are now in a Chinese army hospital, making progress after a nightmare that lasted a whole year.

Tasman's Park

As soon as they are free to enjoy holidays again New Zealanders will visit the paradise which has been set aside in honour of Abel Tasman, who discovered their country 300 years ago.

This Memorial Park comprises 38,000 square miles (two-thirds the size of England) on Kaiteriteri Peninsula, North Island, and is one of the world's beauty spots, with miles of rugged coastline, great forests rich in palms, ferns, and orchids, and many rivers.

EMPIRE CENTRE

Where to Spend an Afternoon

If proof were needed of the greater popular interest now being taken in our Dominions and Colonies, the Annual Report of the Imperial Institute supplies it in no small degree. It also makes it known that the Exhibition Galleries have been reopened in the afternoon to all-comers this year, except on Sundays and Bank Holidays.

Not only are organised parties of children, clubs, and societies welcomed to the galleries, but the Institute, aided by generous grants from the Leverhulme Trustees, provides lectures on Empire subjects to schools, the number having increased from 64 a month to over 100 in the course of last year.

Another educational part of the Institute is the loan of sets from its 20,000 lantern slides, and its 14,000 copies of 750 films. Last year the bookings of the films increased from 47,000 to 81,000.

But making the Empire better known to the Motherland is only one side of the activities of the Imperial Institute, which Sir Harry Lindsay now directs with such efficiency, for its two technical departments concerned with plant and animal products and mineral resources have been performing invaluable researches, not only for British Governments and individual firms, but also for our Allies.

The temporary loss of Malaya and Burma has intensified the need for new sources of the materials formerly obtained from those afflicted countries, and inquiries have been streaming in to the expert scientists at the South Kensington laboratories.

For example, the Institute was asked for new sources of silk supplies, and recalled that it had been in touch with a firm which

experimented with wild silks in Africa. This firm has been given technical advice and help in obtaining supplies. The raw material has proved to be very suitable for certain war purposes, and as a result the domestication of wild silkworms is probable in Nigeria.

From Nigeria, too, have come Yawa fibre for testing its possibilities as a source of fine tissue-paper, cassava starch for dextrine, and castor oil for lubricants.

Some of these new developments are illustrated in the public galleries of the Imperial Institute, where in the West African Court we can see the nests of the wild silk moths on the shrubs and trees they frequent, with specimens of the insects and their foes.

The bronze statue of Sir Stamford Raffles in the Malaya Court forms the frontispiece to this Report, and it may be said without exaggeration that the Imperial Institute is living up to the ideals of that great pioneer. It has not been the success that men hoped for when it was founded, but perhaps that is partly due to its uninteresting name. People in search of pleasure are not drawn to an Institute. It may be that it would help to call it the Empire Centre. In any case, it is a wonderful place and every reader of the CN should see it.

THE ADVENTURES OF MICHAEL-MONITOR AT ST. MARKS

1. LOOK AT THAT PLANE STUNTING UP THERE

2. LOOK! THERE'S SOME SMOKE. IT SEEMS TO HAVE CRASHED BY THE OLD QUARRY. I'M OFF TO SEE IF I CAN HELP.

3. KEEP IT UP, MICHAEL! WE'RE COMING.

4. THANKS, SIR, BUT MY BSA IS AS GOOD AS NEW. I'D LIKE TO BUY YOU A NEW BICYCLE FOR WHAT YOU HAVE DONE, OLD CHAR.

5. BRAVE BOY, THAT YOUNG CYCLIST!

6. FINE RIKES THOSE BSA'S

Yes, every boy would like a new B.S.A., the bicycle you can't beat. All bicycles are scarce these days—even B.S.A. So get your parents to put yours on order for you. But please be patient about its delivery.

BSA

THE BICYCLE YOU CAN'T BEAT

You will receive a Catalogue if you send a penny stamp to—
B.S.A. CYCLES LTD. (DEPT. N3/4) BIRMINGHAM, 11

THE BRAN TUB

GIANT

"MOTHER," said a boy, "do you know that there is a baby in this town that was fed on elephant's milk and gained seven pounds a day? It is so big that it cannot be taken into the house, but is kept in a garden."

"That cannot be true," said the mother.

"Yes, it is," replied the boy; "it is the elephant's baby!"

The Bag of Sweets

A BOY bought a bag of 96 sweets. He spent as many pence on them as the number of sweets sold for sixpence. If he had spent as many pence as he received sweets he would have had 384 sweets.

What was the price of the sweets?

Answer next week

Other Worlds

IN the evening the planets Venus and Saturn and

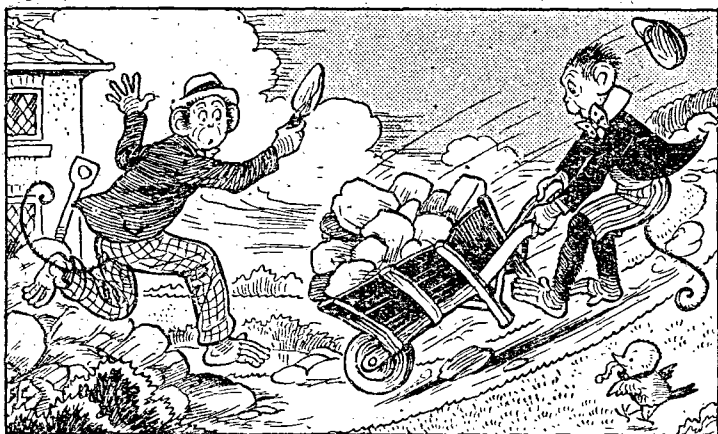
Jupiter are in the south-west. In the morning Mars is in the south-east. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen at 10.30 Double

Summer Time, on Thursday evening, April 15.

Changing His Name

A GOAT by the name of Old Billy Was proud, and audacious, and silly; But since, sad to tell, He fell down a well, His name has been Weary Wet Willie.

Jacko on the Slippery Slope



ONE spring day Jacko found his father hard at work in the garden building a rockery. "If you want a job," he called out, "you can collect some big stones and bring them along." "Righto!" agreed Jacko, and soon back he came with the wheelbarrow piled right up to the top. Unfortunately the ground was hilly, and the barrow so heavy that Jacko lost complete control of it. "Look out!" he shrieked. His father jumped for his life.

...and the LIGHTS will come back...

Have you ever thought that kiddies are growing up who have never seen a lighted street lamp? It is a strange world that children are living in to-day, and yet they are thriving.

'Milk of Magnesia' has done a good job in helping to keep the health standard of children high by correcting minor upsets of the digestion, so important in the 'growing-up' period.

By helping to safeguard our children, 'Milk of Magnesia' is assisting in building the sound health of the men and women of to-morrow.



'MILK OF MAGNESIA'
Trade mark of 'Phillips' preparation of magnesia

BUMP

JACK: How did you learn to skate?
BOB: I just tumbled to it.

LIMELIGHT ON DISTRIBUTION

Boy. When we were talking about poverty you said it was necessary for the nation to reform the methods of production and distribution. How are they connected?

Man. I am glad you ask me for more information on that point, for it is all-important. It is attracting the attention of great business men, who find that, despite every endeavour to produce well, they are faced with extraordinary wastefulness in distribution. They find that the ultimate consumers of their goods pay about twice as much for the articles they buy as the manufacturers receive for them.

Boy. That seems an extraordinary statement. Can it be true that if I go into a shop and buy something it costs me twice as much as the manufacturer receives for it?

Man. Yes. Let me tell you what is said by Mr Courtauld, head of the great firm of artificial silk manufacturers. He says:

"About half the final price paid goes to distribution. Moreover, the manufacturer's cost of production is swollen with expenses of advertising and salesmanship. Manufacturers have for years devoted the

GOOD PRACTICE

TAKE a pen or pencil and write in a row all the figures 1 to 9, with the exception of 8. They should be in proper order, thus: 12345679.

Now decide which number is written worst of all, and multiply this by 9. Perhaps 5 was your badly-written number: $5 \times 9 = 45$.

Proceed to multiply your row of figures by this number (12345679 $\times$ 45), and the answer you get, if your sum is correct, should give you some much-needed practice in writing your badly-written figure.

Try this on your friends. The answer will always consist of a row of the figure selected if the figure is first multiplied by 9 and then the procedure is followed as above.

For Those Who Worry

OH, I worry over this thing and I worry over that, But I notice when the atmosphere has cleared, The bad luck I'd looked for didn't come and knock me flat, And I didn't have the trouble that I feared.

Oh, I like to start the morning with an apprehensive sigh, For I find a bit of worry to my taste, But I cannot help a-thinking, as the years go speeding by, That an awful lot of worry goes to waste.

The Breaking Point

A CONCEITED young man who was a guest at a house among people he did not know was asked if he would sing.

"I only sing for my friends," he replied haughtily.

"And are they still your friends when you have sung?" asked the host.

Caught Napping

THERE was an old man who supposed That the street door was properly closed; But some very large rats Ate his coats and his hats While that sleepy old gentleman dozed. Edward Lear

Cross Word Puzzle

Reading Across. 1 To recompense. 3 Seaside air. 7 A covering to protect the clothes. 9 Just 4840 square yards. 11 To turn out. 13 A small anchor used in harbour. 15 Wireless call for help (abbrev.). 16 This is rising in the trees. 18 The cricketer will be preparing this. 20 A kind of picture puzzle. 23 Lords-and-ladies is one. 25 Face the North and it is right. 26 Facial hair. 28 An occurrence. 29 Tree with a reputation for falling.

Reading Down. 1 The summit. 2 Three feet. 3 Conjunction. 4 Where wild animals are on show. 5 The burden of proof. 6 Newts. 8 Hang things on these. 10 Tree of Lebanon. 12 Alone. 14 A head of corn. 17 A nobleman. 18 Ruin. 19 Hollow metal cylinder. 21 Ordered. 22 To stop. 24 Males. 27 Preposition.

Answer next week

ON STRIKE

A CUCKOO went back in his clock And shut himself up with a shock. "I'll not strike any more; I won't open my door. If they want me," he said, "they can knock!"

ZOORIOSITY



THE Neverglad is always most sad, And full of gloom and woe. So on his tail he hangs a big pail To catch the tears that flow.

Topsy-Turvy

IN spring I look gay, Decked in comely array. But in summer more clothing I wear. When colder it grows I put off my clothes, And in winter quite naked appear.

Answer next week

The Boy Talks With the Man

tribution, but in running gambling concerns. Even now, in a war that means life or death to us, we see the advertisements of such people, who employ enormous staffs merely to deal with coupons. There are also 70,000 insurance agents, as well as thousands of attendants at dog and horse racing. Is their work really necessary?

Boy. And I suppose rates of wages play a large part in the distribution of wealth?

Man. Of course. When a country allows itself to become a low-wage country the majority of the people are unable to call on producers for enough goods to keep them in comfort. The result is much poverty, which simply means a grave error in the distribution of wealth. The war has raised wages, but as production is now mainly devoted to war goods the better-paid workers cannot buy enough of the goods needed to make them comfortable.

What we have to aim at in peace are liberal production of the goods needed for comfort and better marketing of the goods produced to avoid waste of labour in wholesale and retail trade. We need not doubt that these things are coming, sooner or later.

Children's Hour

Here are details of the BBC programmes for Wednesday, April 14, to Tuesday, April 20.

WEDNESDAY, 5.20 The Conscientious Echo, by Ken Francis and told by Vivienne Chatterton; followed by What do you know about Birds?—a game devised by Reginald Gait. 5.55 Prayers.

THURSDAY, 5.20 "Good Wives"—Louisa M. Alcott's famous novel adapted for broadcasting by Catherine Buckle (Part 1).

FRIDAY, 5.20 The Big Six, by Arthur Ransome (Part 9, Rival Detectives); followed by gramophone records. 5.45 Some surprising Beetles, by L. Hugh Newman.

SATURDAY, 5.20 John Paul Jones (the Scotsman who founded the American Navy), a play by Kathleen Fidler.

SUNDAY, 5.20 The Ruby Chalice—an Easter story by Irene Gass, told by Bernadette Hodgson; followed by a Pianoforte Recital by Michael Mullinar. 5.55 Prayers.

MONDAY, 5.20 Bitty and the Bears, by Elizabeth Gorell; followed by Music at Random—The Boy Who Made Music (the first of two talks by Helen Henschel on Mozart). 5.45 The Zoo Man.

TUESDAY, 5.30 Said the Cat to the Dog—Easter Eggs—by Martin Armstrong; followed by Lieutenant Vogan, a U.S. organist.



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are relying upon your practical sympathy to maintain their great family of 8,200 boys and girls during this fourth year of war.

PLEASE SEE WHAT YOU CAN DO
AN EASTER GIFT
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feeds one child for 10 days.
LEGACIES ARE A GREAT HELP!

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